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Bell. Kinlock

SUNDAY, APRIL 14 1901.

MARON CIRCULATION.

W. B. Carr. Business Manager of The St. Louis Republic, being duly sworn, says that the actual number of full and complete copies of the daily and Sunday Republic printed during the month of March, 1901.

...74,690 Date. Copies. 2 Sunday .. 99,470 19 .......... 77,780 5 ..... 74,900 21 .... 77,520 6..........74,880 22............76,760 7..........74,550 23..........78,565 8......74,400 24 Sunday. . 102,915 9..... 76,240 25...... 76,020 10 Sunday .. 101,680 28 ..... 77,110 11.........75,240 27.............76,480 12 ..... 74,190 28 .......... 75,840 13......74,300 29 .........76,280 14 ..... 74,610 30 ..... 77,490 15 ...... 77,870 31 Sunday.. 103,910 16 ..... 79,520 Total for the month ...... 2,494,320

Less all copies spoiled in print-ing, left over or filed...... Net number distributed .... 2,430,467

Average daily distribution .... 78,402 And said W. B. Carr forther says that the number of copies returned or reported unsold during the month of March was

Sworn to and subscribed before me this second day of April, 1901. J. F. FARISH, Notary Public, City of St Louis, Mo. My term expires April 26, 1901.

CHICAGO'S TROUBLES

St. Louis will watch the Chicago canal more closely than ever since the issuance of the order by Secretary of War Root reducing the flow in the canal to 200,000 gallons a minute, St. Louis bears no malice, but there are certain considcrations of health that make imperative constant attention to our water supply.

d be felt over the order. Chicago built the monster sewer in spite of conflicting engineering opinlons regarding the flow and pollution. Towns along the Illinois River have been forced to change their source of water supply. The injunction proceedings instituted by Missouri are simply a precaution against death.

Now trouble has risen from another quarter. The shipping interests of thelakes have protested against the swift current, and their protest has been sustained by the Federal authorities. The sanitary authorities of Chicago are fearful of the result because of the likelihood that its own water supply will be contaminated.

St. Louis is sorry for Chicago.

WELCOME VISITORS.

Autumn will bring an opportunity to make friends for the World's Fair when the Pan-American Congress meets in the City of Mexico. A large number of the delegates will attend from Washington, members of the Diplomatic Corps composing a portion of the delegations from South and Central America. A day in St. Louis on their way from Washington to Mexico could be most profitably spent in learning all about the Fair

Now that the financial end of the enterprise has been practically settled, the next important matter is the advertisement of the Fair to the four quarters of the earth. It is desired that every country shall have an exhibit. Especially is it important to have the countries lying south of the United States well represented.

No better way to inform the Governments of those countries can be devised than by entertaining and instructing their representatives in this country. A friendly feeling inaugurated now is worth much. It is to be hoped that noth-ing will prevent their being the guests of the city next fall.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN? When Trustmaker J. Pierpont Morgan arrived in London the other day he received as much attention as is accorded to,a crowned head, even to the extent of having a large force of Scotland Yard detectives detailed to prevent possible

attempts on his life. This singular development is due to existing conditions which cause the world's great money kings to be regarded as equal in power to other men set ple. Pierpont Morgan is in reality nothing more than a private American citisen, visiting Europe, he says, more for pleasure than for business. Yet he is siled by the mob as one of the mighty of earth-so mighty, indeed, as to be in peril of assassination by some halfcrazed anarchist, just as would be an

anointed monkedeus (1) as C It is not recorded that in the past even by curious crowds and protected from der the direct patronage of the city. Chi-case may be taken as the first of its kind in history. That he is an American citizen of a land where all men are supsed to be insured in their rights, in-

To what conclusion has the world se with regard to the American trust- Public Library building. ate class? Is it believed that they

that it is actually necessary to guard quire the best possible location for a against the killing of representatives of this idea by extremists? The Pierpont Morgan incident possesses a significance which is not altogether reassuring.

CALLING A BLUFF.

Thoughtful St. Louisans who read the exceedingly interesting remarks made by Mr. Chauncey I. Filley to the Good Government Republican League Club last Thursday will understand more clearly just why the Globe-Democrat rein support of its howls about fraud in the April elections.

Mr. Filley, himself a Republican, explains why these howls are so vague as to facts. "Dare the 'Bad Jack' Williams City Republican Committee contest?" he asks. "No; it fears retaliation and exposure from the repeaters whom it has employed and aided in Republican primaries. Contest? No; it dare not!"

And again: "Can they kick at election frauds?" he queries, alluding to the managers of the Republican city organization, who must now explain to the national organization why their party was defeated in St. Louis. "No; they dare not. Have they, the City Hall gang, not hired repeaters to carry our wards? Were not the Waterworks gang, six miles away, sent into my ward, and the street scrapers from Carondelet, six miles to the south, to defeat our delegations time and time again?"

In other words, just as The Republic has time and again set forth, the Globe-Democrat knows that the minute it begins to honestly investigate the work of "Indians" in the recent election it makes certain the exposure and probable punishment of its own Republican Indians. It is as much afraid of genuine publicity as any Democratic Indian could possibly be, but it tries to make political capital by means of vague charges and strenuous outcries. Its game is a bluff, pure and simple.

INGALLS ON TAXATION.

Approval from a high source for the franchise and income forms of taxation are the words of President M. E. Ingalls delivered at the last meeting of the Knife and Fork Club in Kansas City. That the approval is unexpected renders his words no less welcome. Spoken so near the borderland of Kansas, where railroads have been weighted with popular animosity, the surprise which they will excite may shock even that changeable State.

"We are just learning," Mr. Ingalls is reported to have said, "that a franchise tax is the easiest collected of any, and probably one of the fairest ways of raising revenue. I have always believed in the income tax. This country is so rich that with a fair system of taxation and economy in expenditure the tax rate will be so low that it will not be oppressive, and thus you will encourage and protect your small property holders."

Coming so soon after the passage of the franchise bill by the Missouri General Assembly, additional pleasure is derived from the words of the railroad official. At the beginning of the fight for franchise taxation in this State the small property holder was the chief agitator. There was much clamor of a nature th did not reflect the wisdom of sound business sense in some of the unreasonable demands that were made.

It was not until both the blg and the little business interests came together on one footing that the present sane franchise tax law, now a part of the Missouri statutes, was perfected. Under a wise enforcement there is reason to believe that the benefits from the law will be felt by all taxpayers. President Ingalls has done himself and the country a service by his frank approval of the principles involved in franchise taxation.

A STEP FORWARD.

Chicago is anticipating with some curiosity the establishment of a municipal lodging-house for the worthy poor, Mayor Harrison in his message to the Council said that a number of young business men had urged that something of the sort be done. At the beginning of next winter a practical test will be given the experiment.

Commenting on the proposed innovation, the Record-Herald claims to see in the absence of municipal lodging-houses in this country an evidence that in some very important respects American cities with their gang rule are the least pro-

Huddersfield, England, has the distinction of being the first town to erect an institution of this sort. That was in 1853. At the present time the majority of English cities have each one or more lodging-houses supported by the local government. Glasgow built six lodginghouses for men and one for women between 1878 and 1879. Five years ago a municipal family home was erected that has served as a model for other cities.

Twenty-five hundred guests can be cared for by the Glasgow lodging-houses The charge is seven cents a night, or nine cents with sheets. Baths, lavatories and kitchen utensils are furnished with the lodging. Food supplies may be secured at a store kept by the superintendent, who sells commodities at a minimum charge. A large dining-room is also for the use of the guests. Readings, lectures and dramatic entertain-

ments are provided at intervals. The family home cost \$65,000. Widows with children and widowers with children are free to use it. Nurses care for the children in the absence of parents who may be at work. The rates are: For mother and one child, 79 cents a week; for mother and two children, 95 cents; for mother and three children, \$1, Widowers pay 25 cents more than widows. Breakfast costs 5 cents, dinner 8

cents and supper 6 cents. So far the subject of a municipal lodging-house has not been agitated in St. Louis. The nearest approaches to the institution are the police stations, where on any winter night can usually be found the poor huddled on the cement floors. Charitable organizations have a Rothschild has been so circled round provided a few "Rests," but none is un-

IT IS THE PEOPLE'S.

It is for the people to decide whether es the peculiar interest attaching an Exposition which has outlived its usefulness shall prevail to prevent the gaining of an ideal site for the central

If the grounds formerly constituting gan was received in London like a King? ly a menace to the common peo- old Missouri Park shall now be devoted just as the evil of kingcraft means to the purpose of a library site, the peo-

beautiful library building. When Missouri Park was sacrificed to the Exposition the public value of the latter alone reconciled the people to the sacrifice. The Exposition has now ceased to be an enterprise of public benefit. It is an amusement venture conducted for private profit.

If the new Public Library building occuples the present Exposition site, the grounds surrounding the structure will be made into a handsome little park. frains from presenting convicting truths This will make as attractive a spot of E. Lee, the old South, the new South and public resort as is within the city limits. It will also mean that for all time to come the property will be devoted to

purposes of public good. The people alone have the privilege of authoritatively deciding what shall be done in this matter. The Exposition grounds revert of right to them. The Public Library and park will be for their use and benefit. Do they elect to gain these blessings, or do they prefer to leave the Exposition as it is-a place for theatrical, operatic and athletic entertainments in the interests of private

MISS WILKINS'S DILEMMA. Miss Mary E. Wilkins, the favorite New England writer of novels and short stories, is amusingly displaying the typical literary temperament in her uncertainty as to whether she shall marry Doctor Freeman of New Jersey right away or wait until she has finished another book.

The mate or the manuscript-that's the question, and Miss Wilkins can't decide between them. She loves her Doc tor, of course, but she also loves the book upon which she is now engaged, and she is at the most interesting part of her story-weaving task. Will she be able to evict the story from her mind and take in a new tenant in the shape of a husband?

The reading world is now awaiting Miss Wilkins's decision on this point. On the dead quiet, it would like to see her decide in favor of the flesh-and-blood man as against the creatures of her fictional genius. Because, after all, that's what makes the stories themselves interesting-the fact that when it comes right down to a choice a woman cleaves to a man and a man to a woman before all else in the universe beside.

"Through the will of my fellow-citizens I now devote myself to the public service of this community," said Mayor Wells in his inaugural address. A world of good things for St. Louis is contained in the consecration.

Pennsylvania has climbed into the band wagon by appropriating \$35,000 for an exhibit at the World's Fair in 1903. As a starter Pennsylvania shows a determination to keep up with the procession.

It is not stated whether the new \$10

bill designed as a compliment to the

West and bearing a picture of a buffalo thereon is also a tribute to the new secret order of Buffaloes. Neely, who "touched" the Cuban pos-

to have acted likewise in the Philippines. He would say "Don't." The Reverend Mr. Adams of Bethel, Conn., who says good girls are a drug on the matrimonial market, might also have

observed that bad wives are a drug in the divorce courts. From the number of the places where Morgan, the financier, is reported as at work, the natural conclusion is that he

raider. Kansas City policemen who will wear shirtwaists this summer are reported to be worrying about a place to carry their years been accredited to him? be worrying about a place to carry their pistols. Are they going to wear skirts

Now that a Denver woman has been repeating at elections, squaws will become an important factor in the "Inlian" service during future campaigns.

From present indications China will have to declare a ten per cent dividend and go out of business. Russia seems to be in the lead for the receivership.

Mayor Wells proposes to save the city \$20,000 annually by making street sprinkling inspectors of police patrolmen. Good start, Mr. Wells.

And now a postal scandal in the Philippines is feared. Mark Hanna's friend and henchman, Rathbone, indicated how the looting could be done. Shall it be a played-out Exposition or

a Public Library and park on the old Exposition grounds? The people have the right to say which. "Where are our 24,000 majorities

now?" Filley asks of his fellow-Republicans. The answer is easy-Lost by the sins of Ziegenheinism.

Your best and strongest party leader in all ages has been the constructive optimist, not the obstructive and destructive pessimist.

Old-time Kansans are said to be digging cyclone cellars in anticipation of cyclones. And this after Carrie Nation has done her worst.

Republican Leader Filley frankly confesses that his party is responsible for the election and police laws of St. Louis. Truth will prevail. It is a Democratic duty for American

Democrats to unite on issues that are really vital to the preservation of Democratic principles. Of course the Globe-Democrat won't fire real charges at election-fraud In-

dians. It would mean a slaughter of Republican braves. Pay your assessment, vote for World's Fair directors and so keep in line on the right-of-way to a great and prosperous

New St. Louis. Mary E. Wilkins is hesitating between finishing her book and marrying her sweetheart. Literary women especially are kittle cattle

Can it be because every American citizen is a sovereign that Pierpont Mor-

St. Louisans don't need a spring tonic striction of popular rights? Are ple of St. Louis will regain a downtown these days. We've got the World's Fair

# TRIBUTE TO LEE, THE SOUTH AND AMERICA, BY BISHOP THOMAS V. DUDLEY OF KENTUCKY.

The Right Reverend Thomas U. Dudley, gray jackets did assail, and the men who Bishop of the Diocese of Kentucky, deliv-ered the speech of the occasion before the Hamilton Club at Chicago on Appomattox

Day last Tuesday.

Bishop Dudley welcomed the reunited America, pald a glowing tribute to Robert a reunited people. His speech is of interest to those who

fought in the Civil War and their descend-ants. It is in part as follows: I count it a happy omen for our country, Mr. President and gentlemen of the Hamilton Club, that I am standing here tonight. You have bidden me, a Virginian, a Southerner, a Confederate soldier, to have part in your celebration of Appomattox Day, that I may voice the feelings of Southern men about the peerless leader who on that day did sheathe his stainless sword. You have bidden me because of your de-sire to make this your annual festival an influence to unify the once divided section. and in this spirit I am come.

In speaking to the Camp of Confederate

Veterans in New York City I addressed them by the two-fold title, as comrades of the Lost Cause and as fellow-citizens of the United States, because I would emphasize then, as I would emphasize now, in the very forefront of my address, the fact that there is no contradiction the one with the other that comrades of the Lost Cause, with indying memories of the past and its glories, are yet true citizens of the reunited land. I bade the world to note that we were not gathered there as malcontents or allens; hat there were no conspirators cherishing resentful recollection of unsuccessful revolt; that behind no closed doors was kept our feast of remembrance; that the alone protecting sentinel was the flag of our country, and that distinguished representatives of the theory of government we dared assail did grace our board. I bade the world to note this strange, magnificent develop-ment of the conception of freedom, inconceivable until realized. I bid the world to mark it to-night. "A Government of the people and for the people and by the people" was strong to resist the assaults upon then when victory had been gained straight-

way to restore to the conquered all the rights and privileges their ill-starred endeav-

r had forfeited. And, behold! the generous

ecades of years have passed by the sons of

the Confederates are eager to dye the old

pour out in defense of the old flag those

gray jacket into blue with the blood they

forgiveness is not misplaced, and ere four

commanded the Confederate legions ride proudly at the head of the Federal lines.

Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee. Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee are the conored representatives of the United the beautiful image of Southern independence was hidden, nay, did disappear forever behind the storm-cloud of battle, in its stead arose upon our tearful sight the vision, not of gibbet and prison-house and vassalage, but of old-time liberty and brotherhood and equality-the vision of Columbla with mother heart and outstretched to their places of honor and of service by the family fireside. And to-night, as we look upon all these wonders and voice of our great Captain as he gives answer to the young Virginian who asked if he should take the oath of allegiance lege of taking it."

And so I come as your fellow-citizen, in this proud and mighty nation to speak of him in whose memory I am bidden to speak. I speak of Robert Edward Lee, the patriot, the soldier, who, by the testimony of Scott, was his very right arm in the conquest of Mexico; of Robert Edward Lee, equally the patriot, and soldier greater than before, who maintained for four long years the unequal struggle, with overwhelming odds, for the principle that he had been taught, that his supreme allegiance was due to Virginia, his mother State. I speak of Robert Edward Lee, the peerless citizen in defeat, from whose lips no word of murmur ever came: whose pen wrote never one line of self-defense; who, when he had offered his sword conqueror too noble to accept it. went his way to the poverty and obscurity of the coming years, content if he might be useful in the training of Virginian boys into a noble manhood. I speak of Robert Edward Lee, whose body rests among the hills of the Virginia he loved so well; whose splendid image looks down from towering height upon the city he labored so hard to defend; whose grave is in the heart of his countrymen, and whose fame is sounder louder and louder every year from the the wide world. Tribute to General Lee.

Horse Harry of the first Revolution, he inherited as well from his mother the noble

traits of the long-descended families of Virginian aristocracy; and yet, perhaps, in the honored representatives of the United good providence of God, his best prepara-States Government. Now, God be praised tion for his future career came from the for all this! God be praised that, when fact that he was a widow's son, upon whose shoulders speedily came the burden of re-sponsibility, of tender care for those dependent upon his youthful headship. With this preparation he entered the academy at West Point, whence he came forth first in his class. I cannot believe that the degeneration of boyhood's frolic, teasing of its companions, into the cowardly brutality to arms calling her sons of the Southland back | which a congressional committee has borne witness had been possible when Lee was Captain of Cadets, or when, long years after, Colonel Lee was superintendent of the marvel and give thanks, I can hear the academy. The boy was too brave to be cruel, and the officer had too large a conception of the degradation consequent upon such behavior, and of his responsibility for to the United States Government, "Yes, take its continuance, for him to have been in ig-it, and thank God that you have the privi-

The years pass by and bring the alliance with the maiden he had loved always, and | and learn that his political opinions were with it the connection and association with | of the Federalist school, that his conception the family of the chieftain whose character he had made the very model by which to fashion his cwn. Mexico comes with that marvelous night ride alone, to gain the information which shall make victory a certainty. And then the duli routine of army service in one place and another till the clouds of coming storm begin to darken the sky of our peaceful, happy America.

The mad fanatic comes to put torches and knives into the hands of ignorance and barbarism, that they may destroy their masters and best friends, and, as incident thereto, makes crazy attempt to take posession of an arsenal of the United States; and Lee, by strange accident, is the comto storm and possess the now historic engine-house at Harper's Ferry. The stormcloud has burst, the beginning of the end is at hand. The impossibility that this country should be one-half slave and the other half free, as Lincoln said, has seized the minds of the people. Parting of the Ways.

The propounder of this sentiment is cho-sen President of the United States, and

his election is deemed by the Southern trumpet of the wise and good throughout | States to be fraught with calamity to them. They believe that it means the destruction of their peculiar civilization, the taking astonishment that three of these men were Sprung from the loins of the Rupert of away of the property they have secured born in old Virginia.

our American armies, the son of that Light , and are holding under the laws of the Union, and, influenced by this opini M. they, one by one, in the exercise of a right which they believe to be part and farcel of the Federal compact, by solemn ordi-nance, withdraw from the Union. Scott counsels peace and that these wayward sisters be bidden to depart, with certain expectation that experience of separation would compel return and supplication for readmission to the circle of the great federation. But Lincoln cannot so understand his duty as the sworn defender of the Constitution. He must keep that which had been submitted to his trust; he must repos sess the property of the United States which armed men had seized in the name of the State of South Carolina, and so Sumter is attacked, and the boom of the cannon

echoes around the world, for it is the be-

ginning of the great war.
What shall Lee do? He is come to the parting of the ways, and is in an agony of doubt-yes, in agony of doubt. Hemember that by birth, by training, by service, he is devoted to the Government of the United States. Read his letters to his sons of the course suggested by Southern leaders was that it was madness. He recognized to the full the necessary inequality of the contest between the North and the South, and also that such contest, long and devastating, was as sure and necessary as its inequality. He loved the flag he by borne with an ecstasy of devotion, and ye with such absolute recognition of the difficulties to be met, and of the probability of defeat in the undertaking to be begun, with grief that was speechless for the evil days on which his country had fallen, he wended his way across the bridge to the land that gave him birth, looked with sadness upon the beautiful home on the banks of the river that had sheltered his young manhood's happiness, and came to Richmond to offer his sword to the newborn Confederacy.

Colonel Henderson of the British Army, the head of the great Military College, declares that the five greatest Generals of the English-speaking race are Wellington, Marlborough, Washington, Lee and Stonewall Jackson. I do not know that I give the names in the order in which he has placed them, but I do remember that he expresses

## Last Words Heard by Lincoln.

REPUBLIC SPECIAL New York, April 13.—Sunday will be the tertainments unprofitable in the Crescent trap!"

My dressing-room when a gentleman (whom thirty-sixth anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, Recently I met on Broadway the ville and Cincinnati before disbanding for were uttered a shot was freed. At first I said: "Where is the man who shot the control of the control of the crescent trap."

My dressing-room when a gentleman (whom the company of the assassination of President Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, Recently I met on Broadway the ville and Cincinnati before disbanding for were uttered a shot was freed. At first I said: "Where is the man who shot the control of the control o Booth, Recently I met on Broadway the man whose voice was the last that Lincoln heard on earth, and whose form was the ast he ever looked on with intelligent eyes, You will find him in private life, a small-with "Our American Cousin." He was the box. Then a man placed his hand on the sized, squarely built man of 60, whose Asa Trenchard of the play at Ford's Thea-railing in front of it, and vaulted out over emooth-shaven face in repose looks grave, ter in Washington on that fatal Good Friand serious, though when on the stage he is one of the most mirth-producing comedians. Character is written in every lineament of his countenance. I cannot call him homely man; certainly he will never be mistaken for a handsome one. But his General Grant were to be present at the that he held a dagger. As he rose up he homeliness is engaging. If faces can be

His name is Harry Hawk, and he has been eral in the box, among them a Miss Harris an actor for over forty years, though he is and a Major Rathbone. General Grant was now in partial retirement at his elegant country home at Ardmore, one of the hand- | tend. tal revenues, can perhaps give some interesting advice to the men who are said

some suburban towns on the line of the Pennsylvania Rafiroad, just outside of Philstein Scene of the third act. Mrs. Montchessing-

leans until warm weather made indoor enthe season. Hawk was the comedian of Laura Keene's traveling company when she nade a tour through the North and West day night, April 14, 1855, when Lincoln was | He cleared the staffs, but one of his spurs shot. But a short time ago Hawk told me the story of the tragedy.

"We were told in the course of the afternoon," said he, "that the President and performance, and, in consequence, we were read, his bespeaks frankness and good na- all on our mettle to do our best. Besides the President and his wife, there were sev called away from the city and did not at-

scene of the third act. Mrs. Montchessing-ton had just flounced off, exclaiming, 'It's Hawk was "call boy" for John E. Owens plain that you are not accustomed to the

woman. You darned old sockdolaging man-

thought it was the accidental discharge of President? 'Shot the President?' I exa gun in the property-room, but the next Instant I saw a struggle in the President's the flagstaffs, as if turning a handspring. caught in the folds of the flag, and I heard the bunting tear. As he struck the stage he seemed to go almost to his knees, I saw that it was John Wilkes Booth, and shook it tragically, and uttered the mem-erable words, 'Sie semper tyrannis!' "I thought, perhaps, he meant to kill me

a pair of stairs in the wings. The reason I thought he was after me was because he was infatuated with a woman named Ella Turner, whom a wealthy of mine, named Wilson, had met and be-come enamored of. Finding that she was making a dupe of him, I told him of her the theater, who was to turn out all Hawk was "can boy" for John E. Owens at the old Varieties Theater in New Orleans the fore the war, and in that capacity was a member of the first theatrical "combination" that traveled from city to city. It was Owens's custom to play in New Or-

Incidents of the Tragedy Enacted 36 Years Ago To-day. "I had hardly time to catch my breath in "Those were the last words that ever fell | I afterwards heard was Colonel Strong) said: 'Where is the man who shot the

Harry Hawk, the Actor, Who Heard Them, Relates

claimed. 'Why, it's John Booth!"
"With several others I was arrested and authorities released me on bail to appear as a witness.

"Miss Keene gained access to the box, and the dress she wore as Florence Trenchard was badly soiled by the blood of Major Rathbone, who had been stabbed in the arm by Booth after he had shot the President. She also took Mr. Lincoln's head on her lap and got a little stain of his blood on her dress. The dress she afterwards hung in the lobby of Wood's Thea-ter, in Cincinnati, as a souvenir of the assassination, but public sentiment did not approve of the exhibition, and it was not

ontinued any length of time.
"Booth had made the most elaborate plans for killing the President and escap-ing undiscovered. He had an accomplice in

## Was Father Ryan the Real Author of "The Conquered Banner?"

must be a close relative of Morgan, the WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. Southern poems had he been cognizant of its Was Father Ryan really the author of existence? that famous Southern war poem, "The Con-

If he was, how does it happen that a poem, different in title, but in all other respects substantially similar, was, in a book issued in 1857, by William Gilmore Simms, LL D., accredited to Anna Peyre Dinnies

of Louisiana?" That such a poem was published in such a ook at such a time is proven by a copy of the book itself, now on the shelves of Camp a well-known poet, mutilating them Sterling Price Library, in Dallas, Tex. The book bears the title "War Poetry of the outh"; the name of William Gilmore ther; and the imprint shows that the book was published by "Richardson & Co., 540

Broadway, 1867." The volume is dedicated to the Women of the South, and in the preface, which is dated September 8, 1866, the editor stated that his object was to collect for permanent preservation the best war poems of the

It would seem that by 1867 all poems of accepted value and of widespread popularity would have found places within its covers; and one naturally asks: Is it probable that a man of Gilmore Simm's knowledge of and pride in his subject matter would have satisfaction by comparing the two poems; omitted from his collection the poem of all

The easier and better way of retaining,

restoring and greatly broadening the cul-

and literature. A broader and saner and

more "humane" and thorough and loving

study of the literature of our own race is

it is more than an escape from a dilemma.

It is a better means of broadening and deep-

ening our culture than we have ever uti-

lized or tried. We are approaching it grad-

ually. We had one generation or more of rhetoricians and dilettani as teachers of

English—the slip-shod easy old tomfoolery

of general "English literature" courses. We

now have a generation of accurate and nar-row English philologians and text-tinkers.

Presently we shall have, let us hope, a gen-

eration of broad and mellow scholars who

know their subject technically, of course,

out who likewise know it "humanely."

There is a new culture and an adequate one

in this direction. Surely we have been slow

in coming into our inheritance.-The World's

"IN DE DAYTIME."

From Booker Washington's "Up From Slav-

I RECALL that one morning, when I told

in old colored man who lived near and who

sometimes helped me, that our school had

grown so large that it would be necessary

for us to use the henhouse for school pur-

poses, and that I wanted him to help me

give it a most thorough cleaning out the next day, he replied in the most earnest

manner: 'What you mean, boss? You sholy ain't gwine clean out de henhouse in de

APRIL'S RETURN.

A FLUSH is on the woodland,

The meadow wan is fair again,

A song is in the hedge;

For April keeps her pledge.

A thrill with every heartbeat,

A rapture touched with sighs; New luster on the soul of Life,

Tears in my happy eyes.

Grace Richardson in the Atlantic.

the obvious way out of the dilemma. And

Would he have substituted for this famous poem by a well-known poet another that was identical in subject and words, save in those small differences which one may see in the first draft of almost every piece of penwork that eventually lives? Or, did these similar poems afford one of those marvelous coincidences that verify the

aphorism that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction? Did an obscure writer copy the verses of small alterations for the worse, so that when the poem was published over her name by a man well versed in Southern literature the difference between it and the greater one was where a cruder word was substituted, a sentence clumsily transposd or a line arbitrarily lopped off?

Or, did a poet of a higher endowment, through a fidelity to his art and loyalty to the theme, grasp a great subject and its leading idea that had been inadequately presented by another, and so clothe and enrich them with his own genius that the work stands alone upon its own individuality, direct from an original source?" It is an interesting question in whatever form it is given.

Perhaps the reader may solve it to his

MRS. CRAIGIE'S EPIGRAMS. **CULTURE-VALUE OF** OUR OWN LITERATURE.

of existence.

FEW persons can have read Mrs. Craigle's novels without being impressed by the epigrams that meet one on almost every page. Several hundred of these have been brought together by Miss Zoe Proctor in a little volume entitled "Birthday Book From the ture studies of a college course is to recog-Writings of John Oliver Hobbes," which is nize the culture value of our own language

being published by John Lane. Here are a few extracts: It is only a very unselfish man who cares to be loved; the majority prefer to love it lavs them under fewer obligations.

The secret of managing a man is to let him have his way in little things. He will change his plan of life when he won't change his bootmaker. Are there many of us, or any of us, now

adays. who feel that there are certain things which we must do, not do, or perish If one thinks about it-but one mustn'tit seems a strange thing that mothers, as a race, are ominously silent about the joys

told by an experienced liar. Poetry-and most of all amateur poetrystands for pain. Every line of it spells woe. Either the writer, or those living with the writer, could tell a tale.

The truth is only convincing when it is

The art of dying daily is slowly mastered; but once learned, it becomes an instinctan unconscious will deciding all our difficulties. He is never afraid of changing his mind Many people are called firm merely be-

cause they haven't the moral courage to own their second thoughts. The merest half-belief in a living God will sustain many souls through adversities and trials of any picturesque or stirring order, but only the most exalted faith can give one the strength to bear in patience the misery of loneliness, the constant from

of uncongenial surroundings, the heavy burden of little woes, which, because they are little and common, are so humiliating. Death in grotesque circumstances is none the less death, and the martyr to a fool's cause is still a martyr. . . It is the heart that makes the occasion. What sum is too large to settle on a wife who can adore without asking questions?

to Anna Peyre Dinnies of Louisiana. THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

BY ANNA PEYRE DINNIES OF LOU-Take that banner down; 'tis weary; Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary; Furl it, hide it, let it rest; For there's not a man to wave it-In the blood that heroes gave it; Furi it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down; 'tie tattered Broken is its shaft, and shattered; And the valiant hearts are scattered Over whom it floated high. Oh; 'tis hard for us to fold it— Hard to think there's none to hold the Hard that those who once unrolled it

Furl that banner, furl it sadly; Once six millions halled it gladly. And three hundred thousand madly Swore it should forever wave— Swore that foeman's sword should never Hearts like theirs entwined dissever— That their flag should float forever O'er their freedom or their grave Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,

And the hearts that fondly clasped it.
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that banner—it is trailing.
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their wee; For, though conquered, they adore it.

Love the cold, dead hands that bore it

Weep for those who fell before it—

Oh! how wildly they deplore it.

Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that banner; true, 'tis gory, But 'tis wreathed around with glory, And 'twill live in song and story, Though its folds are in the dust; For its fame, on brightest pages— Sung by poets, penned by sages— Shall go sounding down the ages— Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that banner-softly, slowly; Furl it gently, it is holy. For it droops above the dead; Touch it not, unfurl it never, Let it droop there, furled forever, For its people's hopes are fied.

### RUSSIAN CENSORSHIP.

count of a literary censor named Krassovsky, who flourished in the reign of Nicholas I. He not only blacked out what he considered detrimental to the "Russian Institution," but he often favored unfortunate authors with his reasons for so doing. The poet Olline was once treated in the following manner:

What biles to live with thee, to call thee mi My love! thou pearl of all creation! To catch upon thy lips a smile divine, Or gaze at thee in rapturous adoration. Censor-Rather strongly put. Woman is not worthy for her smile to be called divine.

Censor-You ought to have stated the exact nature of these longings. It is no mat-ter to be trifled with, Sir, you are talking

Let envy hurl her poisoned shafts at me, Let hatred persecute and curse, Sweet girl, one loving look from thee Is worth the suffrage of the univers Censor-Indeed! You forgot that the universe contains Czars, Kings, and other le-

Far from the madding crowd to rest at last, True happiness to find when our (two) hearts Together beat forgetful of the past. Censor-The thoughts here expressed ar dangerous in the extreme, and ought not to he disseminated, for they evidently mean that the poet declines to constant his serv-ice to the Czar, so as to be able to spend

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

BY ABRAM J. RYAN (FATHER RYAN) Furl that banner, for 'tis weary, Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary; Furl it, fold it—it is best; For there's not a man to wave it, And there's not a sweet to save it, And there's not one left to lave it In the blood which heroes gave it, And its foes now soom and brave it; Furl it, hide it—let it rest;

Old Book in a Dallas Library Gives Practically the

Same Poem Under a Different Title and Credits It

Take that banner down! 'tie tattered; Broken is its star and shattered, And the valiant hosts are gentered Over whom it floated high; Oh! 'tie hard for us to fold it. Hard to think there's sone to held it. Hard that those who ence unrelied it Now must furl it with a sight

Furi that banner—furi it sadly; Once ten thousand halled it gladh And ten thousands wildly, madly Swore it should forever wave— Swore that formen's swords could new Hearts like theirs entwined dissever, And that flag should wave forever O'er their freedom or their gravaj

Furi it! for the hands that grasped it, and the hearts that fundly clasped it. Cold and dead are lying low; And the banner—it is trailing, While around it sounds the walking Of its people in their woe; For, though conquered, they adore it—Love the cold, dead hands that hore it, Weep for those who fall before it. Pardon those who trailed and ture it; And, oh! wildly they degions it Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that banneri Troe, 'tis gory, Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory, And 'twill live in song and story, Though its folds are in the dust: For its fame on brightest pages, Penned by poets and by sages, Shall go sounding down the ages. Furl its folds though now we must!

Furi that banner, softly, slowly; Treat it gently—it is holy, For it droops above the dead! Touch it not—unfold it never; Let it droop there, furled forever— For its people's hopes are fied.

THE Anglo-Russian gives an amusing ac-

Surrounded by a crowd of foes and spies,
When so-called friends would make us part,
Thou didst not sisten to their slanderous lies,
But thou didst understand the longings of my

gal authorities whose good-will is well worth cultivating—I should think! Come, let us fly to desert distant parts

all his time with his beloved.

cal "bad man," whom he supposed to be the common product of the country, says W. D. Lyman in the Atlantic, suddenly encountered his man on a steamboat. There he was, sure enough—feroclous mustaches, cowboy hat, fringed "shapps," buckskin coat, "gun" in belt, vitriolic breath, and all strictly according to Bret Harte. Our Scotchman gazed upon this "Western type" some time, and at last ventured to interrogate him. The "bad man," as soon as he heard the Caledonian tones, leaned over confidentially and exclaimed, "Hoot, mon, I'm jast oot from Inverness!" It was another Scotchman on a Western steamboat who, seeing a man at the table distinguishing himself by his horrible voracity and greed, was remarking to his American neighbor, "There! Just look at that speak-men of the West. We never see a think like that in Scotland," when the "specimen" suddenly shouted, "HI, waiter, has ye ony mair fash?" The writer was once told by a delightful man of Hartford about going into a hotel in a California town, when a gigantic "Western rufflan" stumped up to a gigantic "Western ruffian" stumped up to the register, and on discovering his name, thundered out, "Where is that man from Connecticut?" Our friend, though expecting that he would at least have to treat the crowd and probably get a shot through his hat, at last timidly acknowledged his iden-tity, when the giant bore down on him with broad grin and extended hand, exclaiming, "Shake, pard, I'm from Connecticut ap-self?"

THE TYPICAL "BAD MAN." A SCOTCHMAN in the Far West, previously disappointed in not finding the typi-